

PRODUCED ON TRANS-CANADA NETWORK OF THE C.B.C.

JANUARY 19th, 1944, 9:00 - 9:30 E.D.T.

by ESSE W. LJUNGH.

" J I M M I E M A R Q U A N D G O E S T O W A R "

Written by Della Foss

TIME: 30 MINUTES.

SOUND: A MURMUR OF VOICES IN BACKGROUND.
CAR FADING UP TO MIKE, STOPPING.
TELEPHONE RINGING.

CHARACTERS.

JANE KENT IN HER TWENTIES; A FAITHFUL
BUT SPIRITED TYPE.
JIMMIE MARQUAND AROUND THIRTY; A TYPE WHO
WOULD PLAY HIS PART
CONVINCINGLY IN ANYTHING FROM
A LOVE SCENE TO A MURDER.
CLIFF MULROONEY SELF-CONFIDENT, RATHER HARD-
BOILED APPEARING TYPE BUT
LIKEABLE. AROUND THIRTY.

A REPORTER.
A BUSINESS GIRL TWO LINES.
A WAITRESS ONE LINE.
STUDENT PILOT.....ONE LINE.
A MAN ONE LINE.
VOICE CALLING "ALL ABOARD".

ANNOUNCER: WE PRESENT THE RADIO PLAY "JIMMIE MARQUAND GOES TO WAR" BY
DELLA FOSS.

MUSIC: FADES IN OUT

JANE: Before stating the case against Jimmie Marquand, I might
as well admit that I was in love with him when all this happened.

He was a tall, thin man with an erratic personality, and for one reason or another, he was resented by everyone who knew him. The odd thing about it was— no two people disliked him for quite the same reason.

Stevens was a student pilot who'd had Jimmie Marquand for an instructor at I.T.S. In an unguarded moment, I told Steve I liked Mark. His reaction was definite and prompt....

STEVENS: Jane, why do you want to fool around with a guy like him? You're a nice girl— and Jimmie Marquand would sell his own mother for a bottle of scotch.

JANE: There was some truth in that. Mark drank heavily... I always thought it had something to do with war nerves. I'd been told a lot of men like him had to drink heavily to keep going.... and I believed it.

I got another opinion of Mark, indirectly. Millie Shields worked in the R.C.A.F. Canteen and she knew what she thought....

MILLIE: Honestly, that man ought to be shot. I know this girl— she works in a bank— and Jimmie Marquand hung around till the manager asked him to stay out of the bank... The girl got fired in the finish....

JANE: Then there was Ralph Billingsley. Ralph had known Mark years ago in the East. Ralph shook his head....

RALPH: Believe me, Jane— Jimmie Marquand isn't your type. I know he has his likeable side but he's the biggest liar God ever let live... I've told him so to his face, but you know Mark. He'll knock a man down for calling him a liar— but he goes right on lying—

JANE: Grace Ford was my own girl-friend— we roomed together— but she knew about Mark, too....

GRACE: (DRILY) Your friend seems to get around, doesn't he? Some girl over on the South Side... she must have thrown him out about three A.M. and

Jimmie Marquand broke a few windows. Really, Jane, he's a terrible man! Besides... don't you think he's a little too thin....?

JANE: "Don't you think he's a little too thin!"! If that observation passed through my mind once, it did a thousand times! Occasionally, it made me smile, but most of the time, there was nothing funny about it. Jimmie Marquand was certainly too thin, in more ways than one—and everyone knew it. I didn't know a living soul who had a good word for him—except possibly Cliff Mulrooney who appeared to be his one friend—and myself... and I, as I've already admitted, was unfortunate enough to be in love with the man....

Well... Mark went overseas for the second time early in May. I was with him the night before he left. We went to a show, and then, instead of going home, we walked slowly along the driveway on top of the river bank... (LINE FADED AT END)

JANE: (FADING CLOSER) It's chilly, Mark.

MARK: Go on—it's a beautiful spring evening. If we stay out long enough there ought to be a moon.

JANE: Well—I'll wait for a moon tonight.

MARK: Stand still a moment and look up— No, I don't think even moonlight could improve you.

JANE: (SMILINGLY) Are you sure?

MARK: Oh, yes— when I say a thing you can depend on it. Whenever I say, "You look beautiful tonight, sweetheart," you'll always know you are. But if I say, "Sweetheart, you look lousy tonight—" you'll look lousy.

JANE: And when are you going to say all these things...?

MARK: (OFF-HAND) I don't know. I suppose years from now when we're living together someplace—

JANE: You're sure we will be, of course?

MARK: As I've figured it out, sweetheart, you can't escape it. You're the one woman in the world who can make me happy.

JANE: That's when I'll collect all the bets I've won from you.

MARK: Which?

JANE: Well-l... I think it started out with one or two double ryes— I'm not much interested in those—

MARK: Tsk— ts— poor judgement.

JANE: Then there was a ring— I can't even remember what that bet was about— a bottle of vodka, some brand new moonbeams— and the last thing was anything I wanted against anything you wanted.

MARK: No pot of gold at the end of the rainbow?

JANE: No pot of gold.

MARK: Well, sweetheart, you'll collect on every bet— wait and see.

JANE: I'll wait... (PAUSE) Mark, why didn't you tell me sooner you were posted overseas....?

MARK: I told you I'd put in for it....

JANE: But you're leaving tomorrow— it's too sudden.

MARK: (SOBER) Everything's like that now, Jane. I have two weeks' leave, but I think I'd better spend that in the East with my dad and mother, don't you?

JANE: Yes. I suppose you had.

MARK: I'll be back. I'm the homing pigeon type at heart.

JANE: I know you will.

MARK: They forgot to put my name on any high explosives— I arranged it.

JANE: That was very clever of you, darling.

MARK: What are you worrying about then? I'll see you when I come back.

JANE: How do you know I am worrying?

MARK: The way you're clutching my arm— feels like a death grip.

JANE: Oh, Mark... you don't understand... I don't think any man could.

MARK: (CARELESS) Well, don't worry about me. Have a good time while I'm away— don't sit at home— You'd be crazy to do that— you know that, don't you? (NO REPLY) I'll be back anyway.....

JANE: (SERIOUS) I honestly wish you were coming back to me, Mark.

MARK: No, you don't. But you're a good kid to give me a send-off I'll remember— I appreciate it.

JANE: I'm not giving you a send-off, as you call it. I mean what I say.

MARK: All right, I'll mean what I say, too. You're not the right sort of girl for me. I wouldn't be good for you.

JANE: Why not?

MARK: I'm all burned out. That happens to people, you know.

JANE: Darling, that's hopeless, utter nonsense. (PAUSE) If you feel that way, why do you want to go back overseas....? especially when you've been over once already....?

MARK: Oh, maybe I want to save democracy. Or maybe it's because I feel I'm so lucky I can't be killed. It's a funny thing, you know... most of the boys feel that way... When you're in a crack-up, you think when you're coming down... "Now, if every man in this plane is killed, I'm going to come out of it alive—" (PAUSE) I guess if you didn't come out, it wouldn't matter so much— A fellow ought to be pretty happy dead, don't you think so...?

JANE: (VOICE UNSTEADY) No— Please don't talk that way—

MARK: I think so.

JANE: No— and you mustn't say it.

MARK: (AFTER PAUSE) What would you like me to bring you home— souvenir of the war, you know, all that stuff—?

JANE: Just bring me Jimmie Marquand, all in one piece.

MARK: You still don't want that pot of gold at the end of the rainbow...?

JANE: No, I'm still not in the market for that.

MARK: I specialize in that pot of gold stuff.

JANE: So do I, in my way.

MARK: (SERIOUS) You don't need to worry, sweet... I'll be back in a year— maybe a little longer— You're the only one— you know that, don't you?

JANE: I'll ... never believe anything else, until you tell me yourself I'm not the only one.

MARK: I'll never tell you that.

MUSIC.

JANE: Next evening, I went to the train to see Mark away. If the girl in the bank, or the girl from the South Side were more than imagination or gossip, neither appeared to say good-bye to Mark. No one was there who seemed to be a close friend except Cliff Mulrooney and myself....

SOUND: MURMUR OF VOICES IN BACKGROUND, OCCASIONAL LOUDER VOICE. SUSTAINED IN BACKGROUND THROUGH SCENE.

MARK: (NEAR MIKE .. CONFIDENTIAL) Look, sweetheart— there's just one thing— If you cry after I'm gone, don't do it on the shoulder of this here wolf who passes as my friend.

CLIFF: Save your breath. Once you're gone, fella, I'm on my own.

MARK: Don't sit home waiting for me, sweetheart— light in the window and all that stuff— but don't go out with Cliff. Is that a promise?

JANE: (SURPRISED) A promise....?

MARK: Oh, I know you wouldn't. —Say, will you look at me on a station platform with my arm around a woman! This is how it's done on all the billboards, darling.

JANE: Personally, I'm not much interested in billboards.

MARK: Yes— we ought to be more original. Whoa, who's coming?

REPORTER: (FADING CLOSER) Hello, there— Flying Officer Marquand...?

MARK: That's me.

REPORTER: I'm Tom Shaw from the 'Journal'— hate to trouble you when it's so late— but if you could give us a little story—

MARK: What about?

REPORTER: This is your second trip overseas, isn't it?

MARK: Yes— I went overseas first about... oh, nearly two years ago... They sent me back before I wanted to come. I took a rather dim view of it at the time... that's when I started hitting the bottle. Don't publish that, of course.

REPORTER: Well-l... how about action over Germany? I suppose you saw some of that?

MARK: Oh, yes.

REPORTER: Did you ever take part in any of the mass raids---

MARK: Just one. We lambasted Cologne that night.

REPORTER: Afraid you're too modest, Flying Officer Marquand. ...By the way, how many planes did you bring down?

MARK: I'm a bomber pilot.

REPORTER: That's right— my mistake. ...What are your plans now— we ought to know that— What do you want to do when you get back over there...?

MARK: Just like everyone else. I want to get in and pitch wherever I can. If I could swing it, I wouldn't mind a little service in North Africa.

REPORTER: That's swell. Well, I won't keep you any longer... the train's about due to pull out.... Good luck, Flying Officer Marquand, and thanks a lot.

VOICE: (FAR BACK) Aboard— all aboard—

MARK: One thing, old man! will you see they spell my name right? None of this M-a-r-k-a-n-d stuff. It's Jimmie M-a-r-q-u-a-n-d.

REPORTER: M-a-r-q-u-a-n-d. I get it.

MARK: (AFTER HIM) So long. And thanks.

REPORTER: (FADING) So long— good luck.

JANE: I think you should feel honored, Mark. The 'Journal' doesn't send a reporter to the train every time an Airforce Officer leaves town.

MARK: It's my striking personality.

VOICE: (BACK) All aboard! aboard!

MARK: That's only the first call— there's no hurry yet.

CLIFF: It's the second— you haven't got much time left.

MARK: Well, Cliff, see that things run smoothly out at I.T.S. while I'm gone.

CLIFF: (DRILY) Yeah... I'll do that.

SOUND: NOISE INCREASES IN BACKGROUND AS TRAIN GETS READY TO PULL OUT.

MARK: You, sweet, you be a good girl. Keep smiling.

JANE: (CARRIES IT THROUGH WELL) I'll try, Mark— but hurry back—

MARK: Be good.

VOICE: (BACK) 'Board— all aboard—

CLIFF: Be ready to jump on when she starts to move— Good-bye, old boy, lots of luck.

MARK: Thanks, Cliff— hope you can join me later.

CLIFF: You can hope that again!

JANE: Don't forget to write, Mark.

MARK: I'll send you cards along the way, and if I don't manage that, I'll write while I'm on leave. —There she goes! (FADING) See you soon, sweetheart!

JANE: (NEAR TEARS) Yes— see you soon! —Good-bye for now—

SOUND: TRAIN PULLS OUT.

CLIFF: The thing to do when a train pulls out is to turn your back on it and walk away— fast. You can't bring him back, so come on.

JANE: Thanks, Cliff.

CLIFF: I'm going to prove the age of chivalry isn't dead by taking you home.

MUSIC.

JANE: We drove downtown and stopped off for coffee. It was quite early—the theatres were still running—and as a result, we found ourselves a corner booth in an almost deserted restaurant. I welcomed the privacy. Since it was all over, I felt... well, there aren't any words for it. Anyone who's gone through it knows. I watched Cliff, thinking if he said just one kind word, I'd cry. Cliff seemed to understand...

(FADED AT END)

CLIFF: Drink your coffee and stop looking at it.

JANE: It's no use— it'd choke me, Cliff.

CLIFF: Drink it.

JANE: (BLOWS HER NOSE) There. I feel better now.

CLIFF: You wouldn't be crazy enough to cry over that big sack of meal.

JANE: (SNIFFLING) No— of course not.

CLIFF: Bad policy for a girl to cry over any man in uniform. You know how it is... here today, gone tomorrow... girl in every town. No intention to make an honest woman of her— most of the time, no intentions at all.

JANE: I... just can't see why he had to go. He's been over once already.

CLIFF: I've been over once, too— and I want to go back.

JANE: But, you're here.

CLIFF: (WRYLY) Yes— terrible sorry, kid. I see what you mean, but much as I'd like to trade places with him, they wouldn't let me—

JANE: I don't mean that, Cliff— it's just— —Cliff, why can't I ever have anything I want?

CLIFF: I imagine you can.

JANE: I never have. Whenever I've known what I want— like I do now — just at that moment, it's always been snatched away.

CLIFF: (SOBER) Better think you're lucky, Jane— and let it go at that.

JANE: (SURPRISED) What do you mean?

CLIFF: If he'd stuck around, you might have married him.

JANE: Cliff... you're his friend.

CLIFF: I'm afraid there's some question of that, too.

JANE: Oh.

CLIFF: One of these times, Jane— I'd like to have a little talk with you ,
about him.

JANE: There's no time like the present, is there?

CLIFF: Maybe not. ...You see, Jane, I was overseas with Jimmie Marquand—
as long as he was there— and I know a few things about him you wouldn't
have heard before.

JANE: (QUIETLY) Go ahead, Cliff.

CLIFF: Aw, what's the use? You must be able to see through him, too.
He doesn't fool anybody with that magnificent air of casual indifference
— not even himself. And the way he tosses 'sweetheart' and 'darling'
all over the place— you never fell for that stuff.

JANE: No— perhaps not.

CLIFF: I suppose you're the 'one woman in the world' who could make him happy,
aren't you? I knew a little girl in Toronto, and another in London—
they were the one woman in the world.

JANE: I suppose he... (SPEAKS CAREFULLY) ...gave them all the pot of gold at
the end of the rainbow...? He's on intimate terms with that.

CLIFF: (SOURLY) Oh, yes, he never forgets the pot of gold.

JANE: You were...going to tell me about when you were overseas together.

CLIFF: Haven't I said enough?

JANE: No, I'd like to hear it all.

CLIFF: You heard what he told the reporter— he saw action— he was in one mass

raid. One raid was all he ever made anywhere— then they grounded him.

JANE: Why?

CLIFF: Before he was sent back to Canada... he spent the last few weeks in hospital with what we'll be polite and call a nervous breakdown...

JANE: I've always wondered, Cliff...

CLIFF: Well, now you know.

JANE: Don't they say some people aren't.... temperamentally able to stand a war...? Something artistic....

CLIFF: Just to put it plainly— he's yellow. ...You don't like the sound of that.

JANE: I...don't believe it.

CLIFF: All right— he's artistically unsuited for war. That's why he spins yarns about being in a crack-up and killing six men— about how that drove him to drink. He always tells it in confidence, of course.

JANE: I heard that, too.

CLIFF: Everybody has. I suppose you heard, too, how he was a Group Captain before the crack-up— and how they stripped him. They would have thrown him out of the Airforce, only one of this brothers used his influence— so they just demoted him. He has a flock of brothers— anywhere from six to ten, depending on how many drinks he's had.

JANE: Cliff— why did they give him a commission when he finished his course?

CLIFF: Because in Canada, he was one brilliant flyer. ...I'll give him credit for that.

JANE: And why did he want to go back overseas now?

CLIFF: Why does Mark ever want to do anything? ...He doesn't think, Jane— that's as near as I can come to explaining it. He sort of lives by impulse— An impulse hits him one minute, and he's off in one direction. Next minute, he's forgotten all about it, and going the

other way. ...Besides that— he can't help playing to the grand-stand. You saw that reporter gag tonight.

JANE: I saw it, but I didn't know it was a gag.

CLIFF: A reporter dashing up all hot and bothered to get a story like that? —Jane, he 'phoned the 'Journal' this afternoon, and asked them if they didn't want to send someone down.

JANE: (REALLY STAGGERED THIS TIME) Are you sure of that?

CLIFF: Yes. I heard him myself. —Well, that's all. I'll take you home. You think I'm a heel for saying all this ... but if you wake up and take a good look at him, I won't regret it.

JANE: Cliff... I don't think I ever felt quite so sorry for anyone in all my life as I do for Mark— I'll still bet on him all the way.

CLIFF: Oh, my lord!

JANE: And... I do rather dislike you because you told me. At present, anyway. Now will you please take me home?

MUSIC.

JANE: Three weeks went by before I heard from Mark. Then there was just a card. It was quite characteristic... (FADES AT END)

MARK: (VERY BREEZY) "Hi, sweetheart— Here's a card to remind you I'm still touching foot on Canadian soil. I had a riotous leave after I left you. Turn the card over and have a look. That's me you see on the right with the blonde.

"I had a great time in the States and in Montreal on my way back, but this place I'm at now is like a very dead cemetery. It's a great life, sweetheart— I have to get drunk regularly on ginger ale and other such vicious liquids. Good-bye now, darling— Be a good girl and you can expect a long letter from me later on.

JANE: I showed the card to my girl-friend, Grace, and she laughed—

GRACE: I thought he was spending his leave at home! His poor old mother and dad must have just loved it when he breezed through the house saying 'hello' and 'good-bye'!

JANE: On the front of the card was a sketch of two soldiers at the door of the Stage Door Canteen, dating up girls.

Well, I heard from him next in June, after he was overseas. It was a spirit-breaking letter....

MARK: (STILL BREEZY) "Well, sweetheart— Your letter reached me after a bit of skullduggery by the censor's board, but you were a diplomatic kid and didn't include any military secrets. You ought to be having bags of fun now that summer is here. We had summer yesterday, darling, but since I was out on my calculations— I bet it would come today— I was flying and missed it.

"I am in Wales at present, very bored and longing for some action. You know me, sweet. —I went to a local dance the other night, but it was more like a football match than a dance. Afterwards I escorted a girl home— that is, to the corner where she lived. She told me I couldn't go any further in case her mother saw her. Was I stupified! So I beat it, expecting her old lady to appear with a shotgun at any moment. All the chaps have had the same experience. It seems you have to get permission in writing and possibly a license before taking a girl out. (LINE IS FADED) However, by using a certain amount of ingenuity, I manage to.....

JANE: It went on, getting progressively worse. ...The next letter came in July....

MARK: (BREEZIER THAN EVER) "Dear Jane— Your letter reached me a week ago, or was it two weeks ago...? I've just come back from a 48 in Nottingham and my head feels like it's full of cotton wool. I met a

couple American boys there and had a night out with them. What a night!

"Did I tell you I'm in an all Canadian squadron now? I haven't been doing much flying lately as most of my crew were in hospital, but they're back again today, so we'll soon be starting. Don't ever worry about me, sweetheart— I'm getting along fine— up to all my old tricks. I met a girl from Canada a few weeks ago— she's from Guelph, Ontario— almost within shouting distance of where I used to live. She complains that I don't see her often enough, so I told her to use a bottle of liquor as bait— that it generally works miracles where I'm concerned... (LINE IS FADED)

JANE: It went on, for three more pages. It was after that I seriously began to think of marrying Cliff Mulrooney. My anger against Cliff— if you could call it anger— had died away months before. You couldn't help liking Cliff— he was always the same— dependable, and yet irresponsible and crazy in his own way. He'd 'phone at any old hour.... (LINE IS FADED AND 'PHONE RINGS)

SOUND: TELEPHONE RINGS .. 'PHONE LIFTED.

JANE: Hello...?

CLIFF: (AT OTHER END OF LINE) Hello, kid, guess who?

JANE: It couldn't be that wild Mulrooney again....?

CLIFF: (DRILY) Surprised, aren't you?

JANE: Knocked right off my feet.

CLIFF: How about taking in a dance tonight?

JANE: Where?

CLIFF: I'll wet my finger and stick it out a window. Whichever way the wind's blowing— we'll go that way.

JANE: I don't know if I'm in the mood.

CLIFF: Then how about a nice quiet session at a picture show with me holding

your hand...? Or better still, when I'm feeling sad and sentimental and I've still got one good tire on my car— how about a drive in the moonlight...?

JANE: I'd like that — except that there isn't any moon.

CLIFF: Leave it to Mulrooney. I'll order one in the next half hour.

JANE: Bona fide, or paper?

CLIFF: What's the difference? I'll pick you up in half an hour.

JANE: I'll be ready.

MUSIC.

JANE: We drove into the country, but Cliff's moon remained under a cloud. It should have been a harvest moon, too, of no mean proportions. ...Cliff said something about sacrificing myself to save his gas coupons and pulled the car to the side of the road. We'd done all this before, but tonight it was different... For quite awhile, we sat without saying anything, staring into the half darkness. I thought I knew what was on Cliff's mind. Finally, he spoke, rather abruptly....

CLIFF: Jane, do you mind if I ask when you heard from our friend last?

JANE: (WINCING - VOICE WRY) Almost three months. I didn't answer his last letter.

CLIFF: Oh... that's it. (PAUSE .. TRIES TO LAUGH) Ye gods— I'm stuck for words, just when I want to sell you something.

JANE: What now?

CLIFF: Mulrooney. Don't tell me you didn't know.

JANE: (LOW) I knew.

CLIFF: I'd be a heck of man to be married to— Go out and play poker with the boys all night— forget anniversaries— yell about bills— But you wouldn't like to marry a model of virtue.

JANE: Cliff ... you don't want to be tied down to all the everyday details of a home... everything like that?

CLIFF: Like the butcher— the baker and the charge accounts run up by Mrs. Mulrooney...? Can you see me blowing a fuse when you come home with a new dress? "Ye gods— the extravagance of you women! What in heck gives a man the cock-eyed notion he wants to get married!"

JANE: (SMILINGLY) How about when the laundry ruined your best shirt— the lawnmower got broken— and the furnace wouldn't draw at forty below?

CLIFF: You don't like it?

JANE: Of course, I like it. What else do you think women want, Cliff?

CLIFF: I haven't known what you want. There's another angle, Jane— this war isn't going on forever. When it's over, a little braid on the sleeve won't buy a bungalow. D'you know what I did before the war?

JANE: I...never thought of it.

CLIFF: Sold cars.

JANE: I'll bet you were the best darned car salesman in the world.

CLIFF: Oh, I was the sales' manager, but that's only a glorified car salesman.

JANE: (OCCUPIED WITH THOUGHTS OF HER OWN) Now and then, we forget the war won't last forever.

CLIFF: It won't. One of these days, a flip will just make us think of tossing coins— a canteen will be something to drink out of on a hike— and a mess— we'll blame it on that darned pup we bought last week---!

JANE: (BLOWING HER NOSE) Yes-s---

CLIFF: Silly, little cur— they said it was house-broken, too— didn't they? Let's take it back---

JANE: (CRYING A LITTLE) Good idea—

CLIFF: Tell Junior to stop howling— we'll get him another pup! ...Our kids are the darndest howlers— must take after their mother! (DIFFERENT TONE) Here, you stop howling now---

JANE: (CRYING BUT NOT MUCH) I'm so sorry, Cliff.

CLIFF: No sale today, eh, kid? Right article wrapped up in the wrong package... All right, I'll take you home.

JANE: Please.

CLIFF: If you change your mind, I might be around.

JANE: (NOT CRYING) No— you won't be— and I'll never stop kicking myself for being such a fool.

CLIFF: Forget it, Jane— What you've got maybe a lot of guys ought to be grateful for. Sometimes faithfulness is ... a quality of feeling ... not just a word. ...So you'll go on being faithful to Mark till either he breaks his neck ... or maybe he amounts to something someday. That's the way it is—

SOUND: HE STEPS ON THE STARTER.

MUSIC: CUTS IN.

JANE: All that happened nearly eighteen months ago— in the fall of 1941. There was no word from Jimmie Marquand till late the following year. Then our papers carried a front page story about him. The same story appeared in "Wings Abroad" the official R.C.A.F. newspaper. "Canadian Flyer Leads Daring Escape From Enemy Held Territory"—
—A Lancaster bomber and its all Canadian crew was forced down in flames over Holland... Flying Officer Marquand, the pilot, stayed at the controls while his crew of six bailed out. The aircraft was too low by now for him to bail out himself, and he crashed with the plane. He was lucky and walked away from the blazing wreckage without a scratch. There followed an account of their hazardous flight through Holland— rendered even more hazardous because one of the crew— the wireless operator— was injured. ...The men hadn't enough praise for the coolness and courage of Flying Officer Marquand who led the party. Three weeks after the crash, the friendly Dutch smuggled

them across the Channel, back to England. The crew, except for the wireless operator, reported back to their station for duty after a routine confinement in hospital.

Somewhere... somewhere in the terrible reality of war, Jimmie Marquand found himself. Where, and what happened to bring it about... I doubt if anyone will ever know that— including myse f. ...And I— I've been married to him now for almost six months— ever since he came home to Canada after completing a tour of operations... after being awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross and bar for conspicuous courage and bravery....

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